The Seed Sower.

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EDITORIAL NOTE.

Mr. Wood left England for America on July 28th, and will be away six months. During his absence all editorial and business communications should be addressed to MR. ARNOLD WOOD, WHITEHALL CHAMBERS, COLMORE ROW, BIRMINGHAM.

The October number of the *Seed Sower* will contain the first of a Series of Letters by MR. WOOD on "TRAVEL IMPRESSIONS."

Patrie, Humanite, Travail.

Wars yet and bloodshed; bondage and weeping!
No! Let us all live in Peace here below;
Here in the land where our fathers are sleeping,
Here where their children are learning to go;
Let not its homesteads the red ruin know.

Great is humanity, great its aspiring;
Heavenward surge its entreaties and sighs;
Give to its asking the Peace that desiring
Ardently, nobly it seeks till there rise
Comfort and happiness under the skies.

Where goes the fruitage of conflicts and conquests?
Labour alone true prosperity yields;
Brings to the festive home surcease of contests;
Forces benign and prophetical wields,
Sending rich Peace into all harvest-fields.

ELIE DUCOMMUN.

What Things must Die?

In two companion poems Tennyson sings that "all things must die," and that "nothing will die." In the former he says,

All things must die.
The stream will cease to flow;
The wind will cease to blow;
The clouds will cease to fleet;
The heart will cease to beat;
For all things must die.

The old earth
Had a birth,
As all men know
Long ago.

And the old earth must die.
So let the warm winds range,
And the blue wave beat the shore,
For even and morn
Ye will never see
Through eternity.
All things were born,
Ye will come never more,
For all things must die.

And then, I suppose, feeling that he was only looking upon one facet of the shield of truth, he sings,

Nothing will die;
All things will change
Through eternity.
'Tis the world's winter;
Autumn and Summer
Are gone long ago.
Earth is dry to the centre,
But Spring, a new comer—

A Spring rich and strange,
Shall make the winds blow
Round and round,
Through and through,
Here and there,
Till the air
And the ground
Shall be filled with life anew.
The world was never made;
It will change, but it will not fade.
So let the wind range;
For even and morn
Ever will be
Through eternity.
Nothing was born,
Nothing will die,
All things will change.

Between these two teachings of Tennyson there seems to be a positive contradiction. If I were about to expound the Poet I do not think I should find it difficult to trace a subtle harmony between the two representations, and to show that each of them set forward a real statement of the truth. But I am only using his words as a key-note for a few things which I wish to say.

Who can fail to see on all sides of us death and life? I do not pause now to consider any precise definitions of either death or life; but I use both terms in their commonest significations. *Death* meets us everywhere. Not only in the regions of home, where it separates us from those we fain would keep; but in every region it thrusts itself into prominence, and will not be overlooked. Its work is seen everywhere, and its very monuments as they crumble away testify to its reality. And so *Life* fills all things, from the sponge and barnacle, through grass and tree, to cattle and men; it permeates nature—slow and languid in some directions, boundless, full, throbbing, plastic, and passionful in others—everywhere asserting itself, triumphing over death, as death in turn triumphs over life; but making the universe a theatre of endless pulsations, which may be described as the eternal beating of life's heart. As we look upon this two-fold aspect of great realities, and in ourselves exemplify both, no wonder our ideas change as one or other aspect is most prominent to us. When we find slipping from our side those we want to keep, treasures running through our closed fingers like fine sand which we pick up on the sea shore; as we see one land-mark after another disappearing, familiar realities ceasing to be, even the very mountains crumbling away in the lapse of ages; as we see time, like a flood, sweeping over and blotting out histories and civilisations, leaving only here and there a waif for the naturalist, a stone for the geologist, or an inscription for a savant, and the Darwins and Lyells, feebly trying to spell out their ancient story, we cannot help but be impressed with a sense of all-conquering Death, and sing, "Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death." But then as the other aspect fronts us, and we see the ivy or lichen feeding on the crumbling towers of ages; flowers sprouting forth from the turf on the grave, harvests waving above ancient battlefields, the detritus of crumbling mountains making rich soil for producing food for man and beast, the buried vegetation of past ages yielding up light and warmth for mankind to-day, we feel that, after all, Death is no more a conqueror than Life, and that Life is also Lord Paramount, the great potency of the universe. As this latter presses—nay, forces itself upon us—we are ready to exclaim with Tennyson that "nothing will die."

Only, whatever our Philosophy may say, there is a great positive reality which thrusts itself before us, and with hard and ugly face frowningly and tauntingly says, "You say there is no death,—where then is childhood's playmate? Where is the life-long friend? Where is the beloved child? Where is your own youthtide? your bounding step and ringing voice? Where are your old loves, and hopes, and passionate delights? Alas! where are they?" You know that whether they are dead or not that to *you* they are dead; you can clasp them no more; they have slipped out of your life, and only the fading recollection survives. And as the mournful reality forces itself upon you, you gaze out upon a dark and stormy future, and you say, "All things must die." Sometimes you face the great problem of your own life, and you, reasoning from what seems to you a great and sad reality, are inclined to say, "I, too, must die; when I lie down and breathe out my last sigh the chapter is closed, and all is over. I, too, must pass into *annihilation*." And so the shadow of death rests upon you, and you see nothing but a great abyss of unconsciousness after earthly life is over.

It is not possible to pass over, or to overestimate the significance of this view of things. The solemn traces of it are found everywhere. And a class of Theologians has deferred to

such an extent to this idea that it has taught the doctrine of the annihilation of the wicked. Not on the same grounds have these varied conclusions been reached. Some, reasoning from what seemed to them the analogy of things, have reached the doctrine of general annihilation because all things perish, and there seems no reason to make man an exception; while others, clinging to the letter of some parts of the ancient Scriptures, and shocked at the idea of the doctrine of eternal torment, have come to the conclusion that in literal truth "the soul that sinneth it shall die." And so from two very different points of view similar conclusions have been reached.

To me both these conclusions are erroneous. And I do not rest upon any mere textual ground. Texts from the Hebrew and other writings can always be quoted either way in any controversy, and all disputes referred to such a tribunal are only decided after a balance of probabilities. The end reached is always just as unsatisfactory as the process by which it was reached.

One great lesson which modern science has taught us, with infallible accuracy, is that in Nature, and therefore in the universe, there is no such thing as annihilation. When, therefore, Tennyson sings, "Nothing was born; nothing will die; all things will change," he was, in the language of Poetry, interpreting at least *one* of the established truisms of science. In the sense of annihilation there is no such thing as death. The most skilful and learned chemist in the world cannot destroy one particle of what we call matter. He can change its form, and alter its mode of manifestation, but in some other form and manifestation it will survive, not one atom lost. This law holds good throughout the universe. You may dig out from the womb of the earth untold millions of tons of coal, and burn them in your houses, and factories, and steam engines; you may fell the trees of virgin forests, and burn half a continent clear, preparing the way for plough and spade; but not by a single ounce do you disturb or alter the weight of the globe; the mass remains the same though you have changed the character of some of its constituents. Does it not seem strange, in face of this simple truism, that anyone should talk of annihilation? When you cannot reduce any particle of matter to nothingness, can it be likely that man may be annihilated?

But some of those who believe in annihilation will say they do not use the word in its precise and accurate sense, they do not mean that the various particles which go to make up a man will be resolved into nothingness, but that that which actually constitutes the man, and distinguishes him from all others, will cease to be. I acknowledge the force of this, but still do not see that it clears the ground very much. Others cling to the term because they say the Scriptures say "shall die," which is equivalent to the affirmation that God has declared it, however improbable, nay, from our point of view how impossible such an event is, for, say they, "with God all things are possible, and if He says they shall die there is no more to be said on the matter." With these men it is useless to argue. I might as well reason with a savage who bowed before his idol, or a baby who believed that her doll was alive. They are given over to the slavery of superstition, and are beyond the reach of reason and argument. But the former class are differently constituted. With them we must deal. My first contention with them is that they do not escape from the Philosophical blunder involved in the term annihilation by saying it is not the particles which are resolved into nothingness, but that it is the individuality which perishes. There is still the assertion that something becomes nothing, and, in this case, it is that which is highest and most important, while the lower and less important continue to live. It is not so much the particles which make up the human body that are of consequence as it is the wonderful and mysterious something which goes to make up personal identity. Can this identity perish? If analogy can be deemed of value here its lesson is obvious, as nothing in Nature dies so identity cannot die. But it will be answered analogy goes further and says that though nothing dies all things change, so what you call identity changes also. When you burn a piece of coal, and create heat, and light, and gas, though you have all the constituents which made up the piece of coal and nothing is actually lost, yet the identity of the piece of coal is gone; you cannot recover it again. May it not be so with man? Death does not destroy the particles which make up his body, it only changes them, so it may not annihilate that which you describe as identity, but may it not change that, and in that change may not the

individuality disappear? Now, undoubtedly this is a strong point, and it is difficult to deal with it. The theologian answers it with his "thus saith the Lord," or with his "because Christ rose from the dead, therefore all men shall rise from the dead." But this easy method of controversy, this cutting of the Gordian knot, though short and simple, leaves the controversy just where it found it, and disqualifies those who adopt it from any real philosophical inquiries. We must meet it differently, fully, or confess that we cannot meet it at all. But the difficulty is a new one. The ground is shifted. The doctrine of annihilation is now given up, and instead of it we have a theory of conjectural change. So far this is a substantial gain. We now write in an affirmation, as a result of philosophical principles, that "nothing dies." Changes there are, and more changes there may be, but Being can never be resolved into Not Being.

Let us for a moment or two fall back upon Nature, and what she does in her great laboratory. We see what changes she makes, how she resolves solids into liquids or fluids, how she transforms darkness into light, and makes the offensive beautiful, but there are limits to her powers of analysis, and boundaries upon her mobile energy. Not only can she destroy nothing, but there are some things she cannot change. When she has reduced composites to simples she cannot resolve the simples away; she is able perhaps to combine them again with others, but they remain, and though they be sent on new errands, and enter upon fresh regions, they remain, and their identity is permanent. Does not this throw a light upon the subject of individuality? It is a well-known fact that our bodies are in a continual process of change. Day by day we are throwing off the old and putting on the new. The most careless of observers has only to remember how his hair and nails grow, and need to be cut, in order to understand that every other part of his body is undergoing the same new creation. The process is a continual one. The old is ever passing away and the new coming. See the changes that take place in the human body through the puling infant, the robust boy, the stalwart man, the lean and slippered pantaloon, and you must be impressed with the regular transmutations. But, whether you observe it or not, the fact remains that our bodies are continually changing all their particles, and undergoing so complete a series of revolutions that every atom changes, and that there is not in our bodies to-day one particle which was there ten years ago. And yet amid all these organic changes, so thorough and revolutionary, the sense of identity or individuality remains. There is a continual consciousness of identity. We feel that though we change our clothing *we* remain just the same. Our bodies may have altered a hundred times, but the tenant was always there, and he preserves the recollection of the transmutations which his outer form has undergone. We recall the days of childhood, our adventures and feelings when we were children, the passionate hopes and longings which filled our natures when the hot blood of early manhood and womanhood was throbbing through our veins, the calmer but more resolute character of our maturer years, and however far we have gone down the hill of life, and how near soever we may stand to the period of physical dissolution, we can trace ourselves through all the changes, feel that the individuality has never been altered, that the entity of life has always remained. Some call this the *spirit*, some the *soul*—I do not care for names, especially for names which do not convey a definite and accurate idea—but I prefer to think of it as the simple, irresolvable element that, wherever it may go, will always preserve its dignity and live; it is the immortal part. I do not see how it is to be refined or analysed away. It seems to me to be necessarily existent. I know it will be urged that life or identity requires organisation, and that when organisation passes away life ends. I admit that we only know life as manifested in organisation, and that our experience cannot point to any life without it; but I also know that our organisations change continually, that our bodies die—using the word in its common sense—daily, and yet that *we* live. Besides it is a tremendous leap to take to assume that because we only know life through organisation that therefore there can be no life without it, and it is a greater assumption still to declare that because, if organisations are necessary, we do not see the immortal part pass from the dissolving body into some new body prepared for it that therefore there is no new body, and the greatest and most unphilosophical of all assumptions is that which affirms that when an organisation dies or is dissolved life or identity comes to an end. Here a great

leap in the dark is taken, and moreover a leap which is against all the analogies of Nature. Nothing else dies in the sense of annihilation; all things are resolved into their elements, but these elements are not, and cannot be destroyed. Why then should we assume that the element of conscious identity, that which makes individuality, perishes? Why, amid a universal law of life, should the stamp of death be put upon the noblest of Divine products? Is not this to bring a contradiction into the universe, and to create a riddle which no one can read? Men have deluded themselves by the use of terms and definitions. Let them fall back upon facts, and though they will find change everywhere they will find annihilation nowhere. God does not call forth or create in order to destroy. In the philosophical sense there is no such thing as destruction. But, it will be argued, is not change destruction? I answer no. You may dissolve a solid into gasses, and so alter combinations, but you do not change any of the essential elements; they are still in being, and are ready for new or old combinations once more. So the immortal part of man may change, not its substance or identity, for that appears to be an indissoluble entity; but its location, from one place or body to another, from one form of life to another, may go from realm to realm, from world to world, but it remains the same, unchangeable. The personality, which thinks, remembers, discriminates, and feels remains, and is for ever impressed with the life which fills the universe. This cannot die. It was of this Herbert wrote,

> Only a sweet and holy soul
> Hath tints that never fly;
> While flowers decay, and seasons roll,
> It lives and cannot die.

Leaving this mere speculative philosophy of the subject, I cannot refrain quoting the words of a modern writer (F. P. Cobbe), "God compels us to remember that it is only the garment of the soul which it has laid by, and which we fain must leave 'folded upon the narrow shelves' of the grave. We shudder at first and writhe in our despair to think of all Death means, of what may now be the features on which our very hearts doted so fondly. Only when the snow falls or the wintry rain beats on our windows we shrink and ask ourselves where is the one whom we guarded from every breath? For a long time it seems always that we are neglecting somewhat we yet might do for him. At last the merciful order of Providence accomplishes its purpose. We go no longer 'to the grave to weep there,' but we look up through the summer sky, and believe that somewhere in that bright expanse our beloved one lives rejoicing in the holy smile of God.

This is the *natural* view of Death. Shall we never attain to it, and show a faith whose emblems might fitly be palms and lilies, the anchor, the butterfly, the dove, white robes, and everlasting flowers; and not black plumes and sable pall, the broken column, and the extinguished torch?"

I have touched but one point in the Philosophy of a continuous life, but I have tried to show that the natural arguments for immortality are by no means insignificant, and that those who cannot bow before the authority of a text, or allow any church to determine for them the nature and limits of their faith, have still a reason for the hope which is in them, and on the solid ground of reason and analogy can build themselves up a blessed, a symmetrical, and a glorious faith. That faith points with undeviating fixity to a life that never ends —beyond the grave and above the world—where there shall be continuous existence, like the life of God, among the wonders and deathless splendours of a boundless universe.

JAMES C. STREET.

The Religious Faith of R. L. Stevenson.*

II. THE PREACHER.

Mr. Kelman tells us that Stevenson was a born preacher. Well, it may be said that preaching is in the blood of all Scotchmen, and that they go all over the world, and in whatsoever place they find themselves they conceive of it as a pulpit and ground to deliver a discourse. Sometimes, indeed, we find the preaching Scotchman too much for us; in fact, an intolerable bore. Would that his earnestness were mingled with an ounce or two of Stevenson's humour. We can hardly have too much of good preaching, but there is a certain pig-of-lead-like preaching which surely Dante ought to have included in the sufferings of his Inferno! Stevenson once wrote after a few sentences of sermonising, "I would rise from the dead to preach!" It is true that his love

* "The Faith of R. L. Stevenson," by John Kelman, M.A —Oliphant and Co., Edinburgh and London.

of preaching was a somewhat one-sided affair. Like some other pulpiteers, he did not relish listening to other men's sermons. What a discourse in parables is Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, a sermon from Paul's profound text on the two loves or influences within a man (Tennyson's "Two Voices"), the flesh and the spirit, the good and the evil. What sermons, piercing even to the quick, are his essays on "Lay Morals." Even in conversation he knows and will speak the word in due season. Take only one instance, his preaching of toleration in that delightful interview with the Plymouth Brother, which you will find in "Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes."

"A step or two further I was overtaken by an old man in a brown night-cap, clear-eyed, weather-beaten, with a faint, excited smile. A little girl followed him driving two sheep and a goat; but she kept in our wake, while the old man walked beside me and talked about the morning and the valley. It was not much past six; and for healthy people who have slept enough that is an hour of expansion and of open and trustful talk.

"'Connaisez-vous *le Seigneur?*' he said, at length.

"I asked him what Seigneur he meant; but he only repeated the question with more emphasis and a look in his eyes denoting hope and interest.

"'Ah!' said I, pointing upwards, 'I understand you now. Yes, I know Him; He is the best of all acquaintances.'

"The old man said he was delighted. 'Hold,' he added, striking his bosom, 'it makes me happy here.' There were a few that knew the Lord in those valleys, he went on to tell me; not many, but a few. 'Many are called,' he quoted, 'and few chosen.'

"'My father,' said I, 'it is not easy to say who know the Lord; and it is none of our business. Protestants and Catholics, and even those who worship stones, may know Him and be known by Him; for He has made us all.'"

But the two great things Stevenson preached, in season and out of season, were the Strenuous Life and the Duty of Happiness.

The Strenuous Life; do what you do with a will; be not content with the negative virtues, but go on and actually accomplish something. "Acts may be forgiven," he used to say; "not even God Himself can forgive the hanger-back." It is the instruction of Browning's "Statue and Bust."

> Let a man contend to the uttermost
> For his life's set prize, be it what it will.
> The worst sin of all
> Is—the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin.

In one place Stevenson writes, "We are content to avoid the inconvenient way, and forego the inconvenient right with almost equal self-approval, until at last we make a home for conscience among the negative virtues and the cowardly vices." It was the positive teaching of Christ which made Stevenson a disciple. "If he missed Christ as a poet he certainly found him as a hero, for on the positive side of life Christ spoke his most strenuous words." Stevenson refuses to be magnetised by the ten commandments; but he does not mean by that anything of the decadent sort. On the contrary, he disparages them because they are not sufficiently drastic and affirmative. He cares never a straw for all the *nots*. "We are not damned for doing wrong, but for not doing right." Christ's one positive "Thou *shalt*" counts for infinitely more than all the *nots* of Sinai. Christ would never hear of negative morality—never ask "what have you avoided, but, *what have you done?*" It is more important to do right than not to do wrong. You may fail, but the point is that you made the effort. It is indeed better for a man boldly to do wrong than simply to refrain from the wrong and hold back from the right. So he sings that bracing song—

> Oh, to be up and doing! Oh,
> Unfearing and unashamed, to go,
> In all the uproar and press,
> About my human business!
> For still the Lord is Lord of might;
> In deeds, our deeds, He takes delight;
> The plough, the spear, the laden barks,
> The field, the founded city, marks;
> He marks the smiler in the streets,
> The singer upon garden seats;
> He sees the climber on the rocks:
> To Him the shepherd folds his flocks.
> Those He approves that ply the trade,
> That rock the child, that wed the maid;
> That with weak virtues, weaker hands,
> Sow gladness on the peopled lands,
> And still with laughter, song, and shout,
> *Spin the great wheel of earth about!*

No President Roosevelt could match Stevenson in his praise and advocacy of the strenuous life. How that line stirs the blood, "Spin the great wheel of earth about."

The second great doctrine of Stevenson's preaching is the Duty of Happiness. It is true he agrees with Carlyle that we are not here just to enjoy ourselves; it is not our own happiness which is our business, but the happiness of others. What is binding and imperative is the duty of giving joy, of making sunshine, of ministering pleasure, and looking on the bright side of things, and of promoting the world's stock of cheerfulness. The ethical value of joy is perhaps Stevenson's most emphatic message, its proclamation the distinguishing feature of his life's work. But if we are to make others happy we must be happy ourselves, and so we are to cultivate happiness only in order that we may communicate it. "No man was ever anything but a wet blanket and a cross to his companions who boasted not a copious spirit of enjoyment." "A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a £5 note. He or she is a radiating focus of goodwill, and their entrance into a room is as if another candle had been lighted." "Gentleness and cheerfulness are the perfect duties. If your morals make you dumpy, depend upon it they are wrong."

"If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness;
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face;
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not; if morning skies,
Books and my food, and summer rain
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain:
Lord, Thy most pointed pleasure take
And stab my spirit broad awake;
Or, Lord, if too obdurate I,
Choose Thou, before that spirit die,
A piercing pain, a killing sin,
And to my dead heart run them in."

* * * * * * * * *

Gaiety was his cardinal quality; the childlike heart of hope and gladness he kept to the end. "And the kingdom of heaven is of the childlike, and those who are easy to please, and those who love, and who give pleasure. Mighty men and their hands, the smiters, the builders, and the judges, have lived long and done stoutly, and yet preserved their lovely character; and amid our carpet interests and twopenny concerns, the shame were indelible if we should lose it."

The great secret of happiness is the faith, Browning's faith, Pippa's faith, that

"God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world."

From the thick of the wrong he was fighting with in Samoa he writes to Colvin: "The inherent tragedy of things does not shake my cast-iron faith. I believe in an ultimate decency of things, and if I woke in hell I should still believe it." That is the faith, to use his own words, of one who has found himself able

To feel, in the ink of the slough,
And the sink of the mire,
Veins of glory and fire
Run through and transpierce and transpire,
And a secret purpose of glory in every part,
And the answering glory of battle fill my heart."

All is well, and Stevenson runs his sword through every Pessimist he meets. Life is good since God is good. God is so identified with hope and brightness that when he hears the *Miserere* performed in Noyon Cathedral he is constrained to say that he takes it to be the work of an Atheist. "I could bear a *Miserere* myself," he adds, "having had a good deal of open-air exercise of late; but I wished the old people somewhere else. It was neither the right sort of music nor the right sort of divinity for men and women who have come through most of the accidents of life, and probably have an opinion of their own about its tragic elements. A person up in years can generally do his own *Miserere* for himself, although I notice that such an one often prefers *Jubilate Deo* for his ordinary singing." No, not *Miserere* is the note of life and living, but *Jubilate Deo*. 'Tis a noble and a much-needed message.

* * * * * * * * *

An essay on Stevenson's religious faith cannot better conclude than by quoting the prayer written by him for the family worship at Samoa on the last Sunday evening before he died, and in a few days repeated at his funeral:—

"We beseech Thee, Lord, to behold us with favour, folk of many lands and nations, gathered together in the peace of this roof, weak men and women subsisting under the covert of Thy patience. Be patient still; suffer us yet awhile longer; with our broken purposes of good, with our idle endeavour against evil, suffer us awhile longer to endure, and (if it may be) help us to do better. Bless to us our extraordinary mercies; if the day come when these must be taken, have us to play the man under affliction. Be with our friends; be with ourselves. Go with each of us to rest; if any awake temper to them the hours of watch-

ing; and when day returns, return to us, our Sun and Comforter; and call us up with morning faces and morning hearts, eager to labour, eager to be happy if happiness shall be our portion; and if the day be marked for sorrow, strong to endure it. We thank and praise Thee. Amen." JOSEPH WOOD.

To those who dare speak out against Wrong.

The age is dull and mean. Men creep,
Not walk; with blood too pale and tame
To pay the debt they owe to shame;
Buy cheap; sell dear; eat, drink, and sleep;
Down-pillowed; deaf to moaning want;
Pay tithes for soul-insurance; keep
Six days to mammom, one to cant.

In such a time, give thanks to God,
That somewhat of the holy rage
With which the prophets in their age,
On all its decent seemings trod,
Has set your feet upon the lie,
That man and ox and soul and clod
Are market stock to sell and buy!

The hot words from your lips, my own,
To caution trained, might not repeat;
But if some tares among the wheat
Of generous thought and deed were sown,
No common wrong provoked your zeal;
The silken gauntlet that is thrown
In such a quarrel rings like steel!

The brave old strife the fathers saw
For freedom, calls for men again
Like those who battled not in vain
For England's charter, Alfred's law;
And right of speech and trial just;
Wage in your name their ancient war
With venal courts and perjured trust.

God's ways seem dark, but soon or late,
They touch the shining hills of day;
The evil cannot brook delay,
The good can well afford to wait.
Give ermined knaves their hour of crime,
Yet have the future grand and great,
The safe appeal of Truth to Time.

J. G. WHITTIER.

When a friend of mine is taken into the next life, I do not ask to know if he is at once happy. I ask only to know if he has gone into the discipline of perfect justice. I would not be afraid to give up my dearest to that.—THOMAS STARR KING.

Notes and Jottings.

Christendom has been stirred and excited by the illness and death of its most conspicuous personality—Pope Leo 13th. The wide-spread Roman communion has felt the thrill from centre to circumference, and the various Protestant denominations have been touched with respectful sympathy as they saw the gracious old man fighting his last battle amid the lonely grandeurs of the Vatican. But Popes and Peasants alike pass away:—

"Sceptre and crown must tumble down,
And in the dust
Be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade."

For more than 25 years Leo has ruled over the religious life and thought of the large majority of Christians, and during that period, in the most conspicuous position in Christendom, he has proved himself to be a great administrator, an accomplished scholar, and, more than all, a wise and noble man. But he was a most pathetic figure, standing high, an immovable rock, while the living waters of life and thought were swelling and tossing about him. He represented Death amid the life and progress of the world.

But the old order changes little as yet. Hushed in silence the old Pope lay, while the Conclave of Cardinals, sealed up in their stately halls, met, day after day, to find one among their number on whose brows the tiara should rest, and who should occupy the position of "God's vicegerent on earth!" No one from the outside world was permitted to enter the stately ballot chambers, and the only intimations that came to waiting thousands of expectant and curious multitudes was the smoke which, time after time, rose above the Vatican telling of a succession of fruitless ballots. At length the strange contest, the struggle of parties ended, and the venerable priests announced to the world that they had chosen one of their number to succeed to the Papal Dignity, and that he had selected to be known as Pius the 10th. So the visible Roman Catholic Church again has a supreme head, while, happily, over all there reigns the one living and true God, the ruler of

the universe and the head of the universal Church.

An unusual spectacle is presented all over England and Wales just now. As a rule we are orderly and law-abiding people, and we acquiesce quietly in the decisions which are reached by the States of the Realm. But at this moment an Act of Parliament is being set at defiance by numbers of earnest and godly citizens, who protest that their consciences are outraged, and who are allowing their goods to be spoiled, and their personal liberty to be endangered, rather than submit to a law which would compel them to pay for religious teachings which they believe to be pernicious and untrue. They are called "passive resistants," and they are certainly drawing widespread attention to glaring anomalies in an Act of Parliament against which they are raising this sturdy protest. It is evident that some great changes in the Act must be made or the nation will be in the throes of a conflict which will stir up strife and kindle flames of religious zeal which will endanger the well-being of the community.

While the serious question is being asked as to whether religion is decaying among us, and vital godliness dying away, there are many signs that various bodies of Christians are considering how to organize themselves more perfectly, and draw the bonds of union more closely together. Methodists of various names are scanning each other's numbers and forces, and wondering whether they cannot all be united in one great body. In some parts of the Christian world a few dreamers are thinking of a possible union in which even Unitarians shall have a place, and though this is not the case in the United Kingdom, yet, even here, the various sections of Orthodox Nonconformity are banding themselves together in a loose kind of organization, and feeling after a closer organic unity. And across the gulf between Nonconformity and the Established Church hands are being outstretched, "groping blindly in the darkness," feeling after some bond which may hold them all together. Are these healthy signs? Or are they the forging of chains which our children will have to snap asunder once more? We must be watchful lest in our search for organization we lose the very breath of our life and freedom.

Personal Influence.

Look to it first and only, that fashion, custom, authority, pleasure, and money, are nothing to you—are not bandages over your eyes, that you cannot see—but live with the privilege of the immeasureable mind, not too anxious to visit periodically all families and each family in your parish connection. When you meet one of these men and women, be to them a divine man; be to them thought and virtue; let their timid aspirations find in you a friend; let their trampled instincts be genially tempted out in your atmosphere; let their doubts know that you have doubted, and their wonder feel that you have wondered. By trusting your own heart, you shall gain more confidence in other men. For all our penny wisdom, for all our soul-destroying slavery to habit, it is not to be doubted that all men have sublime thoughts; that all men value the few real hours of life; they love to be heard; they love to be caught up into the visions of principles. We mark with light in the memory the few interviews we have had, in the dreary years of routine and of sin, with souls that made our souls wiser, that spoke what we thought, that told us what we knew, that gave us leave to be what we only were. Discharge to men the priestly office, and, present or absent, you shall be followed with their love as by an angel. EMERSON.

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Tips.

One of the common annoyances of life is summed up in the word "Tips." The habit of tipping everyone who renders us any personal service has grown of late years to immense proportions. The "vails" of a previous century came to be such a severe tax on visitors, even in the houses of their intimate friends—from a sovereign to the butler down to the boot-boy's shilling—that many people could not afford to accept the proffered hospitality. The tips made it more expensive than staying at home. Unhappily, the evil has sprung up again with increased strength. To be charged in your hotel bill eighteenpence a day for attendance, and then to be greeted with black looks unless you tip the waiter, the chambermaid, the boots, the porter, makes people of moderate incomes fight shy of hotels. The cabman, the railway porter, the guard, and even higher officials of the railway, let it be understood that their attentions ought to be rewarded in coin of the realm. "Fair wages and no tips," is surely the ideal of moral independence for all servants, but we fear the public themselves are largely to blame for its breakdown. Even where "gratuities are not allowed," well-to-do people think they can still get some little advantage for themselves by the greased palm, and the tipping goes on in secret. It is well understood that workmen in the house—plumbers, carpenters, and others—will leave uncomfortable messes behind, and give a world of trouble, if it is known or suspected that there is no tip forthcoming. The frequent request to "stand a drink" does not speak much for the personal pride of the British working-man. The lawyer and the doctor, the accountant and the bank-clerk, do not look for anything more than their proper fee or stipend. We should open our eyes with astonishment if the young man behind the counter, to whom we had given half-an-hour's trouble, held out his hand for a gratuity on paying the bill; but we take it as a matter of course that the man who brings the parcel home should expect "the price of a pint." But if the shopman would lose his self-respect by hanging about for a tip, what is to be said of the porter? Pauperising doles are not good for anybody. The moral mischief of tipping is much greater than is commonly supposed. While we may rightly be expected to pay extra for unusual services, the ordinary duties of life ought to be provided for by an adequate wage. It would be good for servants and others if they cultivated a dislike to anything like dependence of position. The manly sense of equality between men of different grades of wealth will never dignify the working classes of this country until the habit of looking for tips is abandoned. Kindness from one to another is quite compatible with equality, but not the kindness which would not be kind but for the expectation of a reward over and above its proper remuneration. If the working-man knew it, simple justice is what he wants far more than favours. The policeman who, receiving a sovereign for rescuing a child from a burning house, returned it with the remark that he had only done his duty, was no doubt a fool in the eyes of many. But a little more of that spirit would be good for English character.

The Form of Public Worship.

The Note of Common Worship.

1. This essay is addressed to those who hold that the supreme guiding virtue in worship is truth. Eagerly be it added that worship itself, though it must take truth for a guide, is love: cosmic love, the groping love of the imperfect finite for the infinite perfection. But, if ever pilot was needed, there is need of one in a venture so vast, when the soul goes out into the boundless invisible, seeking God. And perhaps the guide is the sender in another form. Love may be a subtle, intuitive kind of truth; and truth at its highest, abstract truth, lies too near to love for distinction; each becomes the perfect relation between the soul and that which it contemplates. Here, however, amid human conditions, worship must be regulated, above all, by truth; truth of intention,—sincerity; truth of thought,—reasonableness; truth of expression,—veracity. Each of us worships the God of his creed; each loves his creed: but the true worshipper loves it, not because it is his, but because it is "creed," sincerely taken for truth. If opinion comes front to front with evidence, the true worshipper is not of those

who declare war on the evidence for seeking to maim his creed. Those who do that regard their creed as perfect and final; they call it "The Truth," and so denote all other truth as superfluous. Were they consistent, they would refuse to know anything beyond their creed: and indeed the fiercest foes of knowledge have always been the believers in a completed revelation. Their creed is precious to them as things inanimate are precious: a code, or an amulet. But to the true worshipper, his creed is precious as a living thing, with power to grow, to assimilate, to eject.

2. Jesus, in an immortal passage, links together truth of worship with spirituality. "The true worshipper shall worship in spirit and in truth." One phrase in the context has a very striking form: "Neither in this mountain, nor in Jerusalem, shall ye worship." We should have expected, rather than this double negative, the double affirmative, "both in Jerusalem and in this mountain can ye worship." But Jesus is answering the woman's implied question, Where *ought* we to worship? And he says in effect that no special ritual or liturgy, no temple or holy place can make good a moral claim upon the observance of the worshipper: what God requires of him is a state of the spirit. Both Jew and Samaritan are wrong, and both wrong alike, in insisting upon specific externals as if they were essential: when in truth the one thing needful is internal and invisible. Yet Jesus, being a Jew, went up to the Temple of Jerusalem to worship with His fellows: though He also worshipped apart, in silence, upon the lonely fells of Galilee. This suggests a certain paradox or antinomy, and leads to an important question. The antinomy may be stated thus: (*a*) Worship, at its purest, not only dispenses with outward forms, but finds them impertinent, or even incompatible; (*b*) Common worship, in its very nature, demands some common medium of worship; and the spirit of worship is, in our experience, helped by the use of such media.—Is there then a generic difference between worship by the single soul and common worship?

3. The answer to this question must be found in our own experience. If there be such a difference, does it lie in the spirit, or in the stated acts, of worship? For one moment we might be tempted to say that the single soul, in private worship, makes no use of liturgy or ritual, such as all common worship must employ: but for one moment only. The individual worshipper does, in fact, make use in his degree of both ritual and liturgy. Some bodily posture, though it be but the closing of the eye; some usage of time and place; some form of words, though it be no more than the decent archaism of "Thou art," the vocative interjection "O God," the final "Amen," enter into all definite exercises of devotion. These are the expressive elements in common worship also. The difference which we seek does not inhere in them, but in some principle that determines the manner of their use. Is there then a difference between the spirit of several worship and that of common worship? No; in our experience we find no such difference. It is by an act of separate prayer that the individual collects and prepares himself for worshipping with the congregation. From the one act to the other he passes with unpausing continuity, urged by the same motive, satisfying the same instinct, seeking the same goal. Nevertheless in retrospect we taste a difference between the preparatory prayer and the united worship: a difference not of the spirit, but of the spirit's fruition. When we passed, seeking God ourself, into the society of God-seekers, the motive grew more urgent, the instinct was more fully satisfied, the end attained in grander measure. Lonely prayer, "the soul with its God," is in one sense an act of intense egoism; common prayer is not a bundle of such egoisms; as we enter into it we leave self behind. It is an act in order to which the individual merges himself in the community. The community communes immediately with God, the individual mediately through the community. Here, then, is the operative difference: in private worship the single soul communes with God, in public worship the community communes with God.

Love of Truth as the Rule of Form.

4. Those who prescribe the form of public worship must therefore be guided by a twofold purpose: first, to provide for the best possible communion of the congregation with God; secondly, to offer the individual the fullest possible share in such collective communion. These ends cannot be served separately, in

succession. Each implies the other. It is clear that the community can engage in no common act until it is constituted by the inter-communion of its units; and, on the other hand, such inter-communion is possible in many tempers both good and bad, and in order that it may be tempered to worship it must be associated in the closest degree with the spirit of devotion in the single soul. As we have seen, common worship is in one of its aspects an extension of the act of several worship; and the self-merging of the single soul in the brotherhood, as a step towards worship of a larger kind, is itself an expression of the devotional spirit. So that it is not surprising to find a certain analogy between various phases of single and collective worship.

5. Of solitary worship the purest mode is that deep spiritual meditation which has no need of word or gesture, or even perhaps of the syntax of thought. Correlative to this is the "Friends' Meeting," or the interval of silent prayer. The actual utterance of prayer in the inner chamber, with closed eye and folded hands, corresponds to the engagement by a congregation in hymn or stated response, or in prayer which is uttered aloud by one voice or many. So, too, the lesson and the sermon answer to private devotional reading and reflective self-judgment. But the worship of the single soul has phases to which no correlative can easily be found in the common worship with which most Protestants are familiar and content: it has its modes of agony and of ecstasy. There come moments to the man of prayer when the reach of his spirit exceeds the grasp of his intellect; when he labours intensely to seize and hold in his mind the fugitive vision of heaven. "Verweile doch, du bist so schön!" And there are other moments when he rises above this craving, escapes altogether from intellectual shackles, and rests in a serene, apocalyptic sense of God. To one of these phases, perhaps, the workings of the "Holy Ghost" in the Primitive churches, and in such revivals as that of Edward Irving, may be taken as correlative; to the other, some moments of supreme solemnity in the ritual of the Catholic Church. But agony of spirit is so easily debased and caricatured by neurotic excitement that the sedateness of Protestant feeling has for the most part discouraged its expression in common worship; and the ecstasy with which the devout believer adores the elevated Host is bound up with illusion, and demands such a surrender of the critical intellect as the Protestant dare not allow himself to make. These are cases to which both members of our antinomy apply. Forms and modes which do in fact enable one class of men to reach supreme heights of worship are to another class offensive and obstructive.—Are we to hold that ecstacy cannot be reduced to system, or the beatific vision bespoken with place and date? It seems so. This is the world we live in; if for a moment the veil be lifted from things unseen, we have no leisure to build tabernacles; we must hasten down to help the poor, dumb victims of the evil one. But even so, unless we further hold that supreme heights can only be attained by the aid of illusion and indecent self-abandonment,—that truth and decency fall short of the requirements of worship,—we shall be obliged, in our common form, to give room and opportunity to the highest modes; to welcome as a guest that which we cannot constrain as a captive.

6. It is already evident that no one form of worship can be prescribed which shall be of universal advantage. The form must vary with the congregation, the place, the time. There is no absolute best, *semper ubique omnibus*. It becomes necessary to specify more particularly the people for whose use a form is being sought. The assumption will be made that there exist congregations of men and women who hold that the supreme guiding virtue in worship is truth, and that those congregations stand on a basis which corresponds to the tenet, and realises it in practice. For the sake of clearness the pronoun "we" will be used in what follows, to denote the members of such congregations. We are certainly few in number, we *Philaletheis*, for most men are still *Philotoioutoi*, they love truth only on condition that truth be such and such. But the spirit of surrender to truth, whatsoever truth may prove to be, has already gained recognition, if not possession, in the field of natural science, and is widely if sparsely spread, "numbering good intellects," in the field of deeper thought. Though few, we are increasing. And besides, in specifying our own congregations we are not narrowing the range of our enquiry so much as the mere

numbers would suggest. We are set free, by our love of truth, from many a clog that hampers other worshippers. None is so little impeded by stipulations positive or negative, express or implicit. Nowhere has the form of worship so catholic an opportunity as with us. There is indeed one set of formulæ which we must put out of consideration, and only one: confessional formulæ, those which depend on a presumption of received and necessary theological opinion. We have but one necessary tenet, that our relation with the Source of truth is still and for ever present and vital. To this faith we sacrifice our lust for finality in dogma, and in loyalty to it we must forego the inclusion of any credo, formal or informal, prescriptive or casual, in our order of service. With this exception the whole range of possible form in public worship is open to our choice. We are to seek for principles which will enable us so to select and combine as to give the utmost possible aid to our congregations in their communion with God, and enable the single worshipper to share as fully as possible in such communion.

7. It is necessary to assume some conception of the nature of worship, such as may describe the intention with which we assemble. The exhortation in the English order of daily prayer announces among the objects of assembly: to acknowledge sin, to render thanks, to set forth praise, to hear and to ask. In one respect at least these words may be taken as a norm of the purpose of public worship. We meet with a two-fold intention, to give and to get. What then do we, in our assemblies, seek to get? What do we seek to give? Upon the answer to these questions will depend the fitting form of worship. It is clear that six men who distinctively seek prosperity in business, confirmation of theological opinion, assurance of heaven, relief from shame, intellectual enjoyment, power to do good, will severally prefer very different methods of expressing and satisfying their need. A worshipper, again, who intends to give a gratifying homage to a Heavenly Potentate, and another who offers, let us say, self-humiliation as the price of pardon, or orthodox opinion as his part in the bargain of salvation, or an effort of will in pursuit of righteousness, will present their service in various and specific ways.

8. An important question here demands consideration. Ought we not, it may be urged, to provide expression in our public form for the needs of each, rather than for the need of all? This might be done in two ways, both of which are attempted in different extant liturgies. We might either specify in a series the various intentions and longings of different sections, or we might cultivate such an inclusive vagueness in our order that the diverse petitions and sacrifices of individual worshippers should all find room in it. Either method, however, pre-supposes the fascicular instead of the corporate conception of common worship; and that conception, by making common worship a bundle of egoistic acts, makes it superfluous. What need or use is there of church or assembly, if each worshipper worships in isolation? If any public building were needed for devotional use it would consist, on this theory, of a cluster of minute oratories. The secluded, well-like pews with which the Puritans of 1662 furnished their meeting houses were a logical outcome of their individualism. Who, that has visited a survival of that style, has not felt the load it lays on social feeling? It is hard to worship in brotherhood amid wooden walls that seem to say, "An Englishman's pew is his castle. You mind your own religious business and I will mind mine." Why quit the inner chamber for worship that disowns membership in the worship of others? The individual has for himself private access to God. In order to provide outward modes whereby the brotherhood, as such, may be helped to the fullest possible communion with God, and the individual to the largest share in such communion, we must fix our thought on the needs and powers which are common to all.

9. What then, do we, in our public worship, seek to gain? The realisation of God; the power of a vital faith, such as shall arouse and support all those faculties by which we live our fullest and highest life, and do our best work. What do we seek to give? There is but one thing that man can give to God,—the sacrifice of a devout will; and in the coinage of his will in worship he would give all that, the giving of which enables and ennobles him. He gives away his own selfish claim upon himself; his self-seeking, in love, his self-pleasing, in obedience. If this be so, our gain and gift in public worship

are not separate entities, but indissolubly interinvolved. We gain the realisation of God, which is the work of our noblest self, we give the realization of our noblest self, which cannot be save in the felt presence of God. It follows also that neither gain nor gift can be consummate and complete in the moment of stated worship; the gain must be used, the gift ratified in the ordinary process of our lives. We arrive then at this issue: our two-fold aim in order and stated worship, must be to afford every possible aid to finite human faculties in their effort to apprehend the Infinite, and to exhibit to man's will the most effectual invitation and encouragement to dispose itself in assent to God's will; and in each case we must seek, not for a fleeting, but a lasting result.

THE ORAL ELEMENTS OF EXPRESSION.

10. What are the actual means which seem to offer themselves in the service of this purpose? The most obvious and perhaps the most useful, certainly the most generally employed, is that of direct petition in intelligible words for what is sought, and express proffer of what is to be given. It is usual for books of common prayer to contain passages which ask, in general terms or with specific detail, for a deeper consciousness of God's presence, for purer faith, for greater zeal and persistence in good works, for clearness and keenness of conscience, for deliverance from all that thwarts or belies our godliness. They contain sentences which are in effect a profession of will-effort, a statement of resolve which the user claims to make or to have made, a setting forth that what we have to give we are giving. Many prayers will fall into either class, or both: there is no sharp line of division between the prayer for grace and the avowal of a will to walk in gracious ways.

11. Another method, equally natural and usual, is to recite passages which convey assurance of God's infinite excellences and his relations of tenderness towards his children; and others, such as the beatitudes, which unfold in simple, home-coming words the nature of that will-sacrifice which God requires. To this class of devotional utterance belong both the lesson and the sermon; they too expound God's dealings with man and the detail of righteousness. Surely it is a perverse view which regards the introduction of these ordinances into the midst of praise and prayer as an "act of disorder," and holds that "the time for edification does not arrive till the time for service is done." On the contrary, unless we have already gone far astray from the truth, there is no true worship which does not build up the spirit, and no building up of the spirit save in the plight and temper of worship.

12. So far, then, the material of our order of common worship includes the recitation, by one voice or many, of prayer for God's revelation and guidance, of articulate resolve, of utterances old and new which express God's way and teach us our way. An order so composed is already rich in aids to worship, such worship as diffuses its joy and help through life. But the most joyful and most helpful element has yet to be named. The realisation of God, that aim and hope of common prayer, is not, like the rainbow, an object only of distant seeking. By those who worship in spirit and in truth it is, according to the measure of their nature, attained; and the highest degree of attainment, the most serene assurance, the most joyous communion, comes to them in common worship. We must find room for the expression of their assurance and joy. It is at this point that even the most austere of congregations has been impelled to seek aid from art. The language of daily, mundane affairs is all too poor and weak to bear the import of an idea so grand, a joy so solemn. Poet and musician must work their spell over common words before they avail for so majestic an office.

13. There is one other mode in the communion of the congregation with God, which transcends all verbal modes, even that which gains virtue from poetry and music: the mode of silent prayer; in which may be felt what cannot be phrased; in which spirit may converse with spirit, not through matter-moulded forms of speech, but in unimpeded faith and love.

E. W. L.

(*To be continued.*)

He that serves men serveth few;
He serves all who dares be true.

News from the Field.

There are three ministerial resignations to be noted since our last issue. The *Rev. C. J. Street* has resigned his ministry in *Bolton*, *Mr. C. F. Dear* has given up his work at *Southend*, and *Rev. W. Wilson* has retired from *Rhyl Street Mission*, *London*.

But, on the other hand, the *Rev. C. J. Street* has accepted a pressing and unanimous call to the *Upper Chapel*, *Sheffield*, the *Rev. J. Lonsdale Dowson*, of the United States, has accepted a call to *Gateshead*, the *Rev. G. V. Crook* has taken charge of *Newry*, the *Rev. F. A. Homer* goes to *Taunton*, and the *Rev. C. H. Cook* has accepted a call to *Warrington*.

Welcomes have been given to the *Rev. J. E. Jenkins* at *Padiham*, to *Rev. J. Burton*, *M.A.*, at *Poole*, and to *Rev. J. Evans*, *B.A.*, at *Halliwell Road*, *Bolton*.

A new *chapel* has been opened at *Merthyr*, a new *hall* for worship at *South Shore*, *Blackpool*, and another *hall* (in memory of *Robert Spears*) at *Highgate*, *London*.

Tamworth Chapel has been reopened for worship, after alterations and improvements, and the minister and congregation have settled down for a fresh effort to maintain and develop the good cause in the old town.

At *Darley Dale* in Derbyshire our good friend *R. D. Darbishire*, of *Manchester*, has been laying a corner stone of a new Wesleyan chapel, and contributing a munificent sum towards its erection. He is always free-handed and large-minded, ever ready to help where he believes good work is to be done.

The *Yorkshire Sunday School Union* has just celebrated its 36th anniversary at *Lydgate*, and we have reason to believe that the record of work and the proceedings of the meeting were of a satisfactory character.

We have no special account of the proceedings which have taken place at the Summer Session at Oxford, but we learn that the attendances have been exceptionally large, sometimes taxing the accommodation to the utmost, and that the lectures were of a high order and full of interest to the delighted auditors. Gatherings like these must be most profitable to all who are able to be present, and their good influence will extend to the various parts of the country from which the audiences came.

Among our friends throughout the country there has been a widespread sympathy with the *Rev. Henry McKean* and his family because of the painful accident from which he suffered a few weeks ago, and which, for some time, endangered his life. There is a keen sense of relief in the minds of hundreds of our household of faith, and in the minds of large numbers who are outside our ranks, now that they are assured he is on the high way to recovery, and that, after a period of careful nursing and rest, he may be able to resume his useful and successful ministry.

Our valued friend, the editor of this magazine, has left our shores for a much needed rest. He has gone to the United States of America for a while, and will afterwards spend some weeks in Italy. *Mr. Wood* is one of those who takes life seriously and uses all his powers to the utmost in the service of God and man. Like other brave men he does not stop to consider consequences to himself when duty presents itself before him, but gives all his powers to its performance as a soldier of God should do. No wonder he is on the eve of breaking down from time to time, and has to be arrested by the kind hands of those who love and honour him. Such an occasion has come now. We are sure that all the readers of this magazine, and large numbers who do not avail themselves of this privilege, will earnestly desire and pray that he may return to his home and work with renovated strength, and with all his old fire and devotion.

In a few days, from the writing of these lines, a large number of ministers and laity from England will be journeying across the sea to meet representatives from all parts of Christendom, who will gather together in conference at Amsterdam, to consider great problems of religion and progress. A profitable time is looked forward to, and the renewal of intimacies and friendships which were begun in London two years ago. This coming together of people from different countries and speaking in divers tongues, who are all animated with the same hopes and aims, cannot but lead to the happiest results. Brotherhood will be a demonstrative reality, and one spirit will unite all the sons and daughters of God.

After these meetings at Amsterdam our recent visitors from America, and, notably, our friends *Dr. and Mrs. Crooker*, will be speeding away from our shores and returning to their own special fields of labour. Some of them will have seen a good deal of us in our public meetings and our places of worship, as well as in the quiet regions of our homes. We hope they will carry away happy recollections of us, as we are sure to treasure sunny thoughts of them and of their doings and sayings.

Our records tell of the loss of dear and valued co-workers from among us during the past month. *Mrs. Williams*, of *Aberdare*, will be a great loss, not only in the home of which she was the valued ornament, but among our churches in Wales where she was so greatly esteemed; *Mrs. Woodhouse*, of *Gorton*, and *Mrs. Dorman*, of *Oldham*, have left gaps which can never be filled; and many hearts are aching over the sad death of young *Claude G. Chitty*, of *Dover*, who fell over a precipice at Sark while on a holiday tour. God, the comforter, will minister to the bereaved ones who are grieving over their loss, and He will enfold those He has taken from them with the wings of His protection and love.

August 17th, 1903. SCRUTATOR.

I prayed, Thy Kingdom come! For Winter long
Had held the frozen earth in fetters bound;
And wretchedness and misery, war and wrong,
Age after age, did in the world abound.
I prayed, Thy Kingdom come! And, lo! the Spring
Came with its warmth and joy to glad the earth;
New Hope the sight did to my spirit bring,
That Man at length should share the quickening birth.
For He who worketh thus great Nature's change
Works in the heart His miracles of power,
Than those we see more marvellous and strange!
Have faith in God, and wait His promised hour.
For He who doth the quickening springtime send
Will sin destroy, bring suffering to an end.

—JONES VERY.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

The Power of Gentleness.

It is told that a belated stranger stayed all night at a farmer's house. He noticed that a slender little girl, by her gentle ways, had a great influence in the house. She seemed to be a bringer of peace and goodwill to the rougher ones in the household. She had great power over animals also, as the following incident shows:—The farmer was going to town one morning, and had agreed to take the stranger with him. The family came out to see them start. The farmer gathered up the reins, and, with a jerk, said, "Dick, go 'long!" But Dick didn't "go 'long." Then came down the whip with a heavy hand, but the stubborn beast only shook his head silently. A stout lad came out and seized the bridle, and pulled, and yanked, and kicked the rebellious pony; but not one step would he move. At this point a sweet voice was heard: "Willie, don't do so." The voice was quickly recognised. And now the magic hand was laid on the neck of the seemingly incorrigible animal, and a simple, low word was spoken. Instantly the muscles relaxed, and the air of stubbornness vanished. "Poor Dick!" said the sweet voice; and she stroked and patted softly his neck with her childlike hands. "Now go along, you naughty fellow," in half chiding but tender voice, as she drew slightly on the bridle. The pony turned and rubbed his head against her arm for a moment, and started off on a cheerful trot, and there was no further trouble that day. The stranger remarked to the farmer, "What a wonderful power that hand possesses!" The reply was, "Oh, she's good! Everybody and everything loves her."

Wishing.

Do you wish the world were better?
Let me tell you what to do—
Set a watch upon your actions,
Keep them always straight and true;
Rid your mind of selfish motives,
Let your thoughts be pure and high;
You can make a little Eden
Of the sphere you occupy.

Do you wish the world were wiser?
Well, suppose you make a start,
By accumulating wisdom
In the scrapbook of your heart.
Do not waste one page on folly,
Live to learn and learn to live.
If you want to give men knowledge,
You must get it ere you give.

Do you wish the world were happy?
Then remember, day by day,
Just to scatter deeds of kindness
As you pass along the way.
For the pleasure of the many
May be ofttimes traced to one,
As the hand that plants the acorn
Shelters armies from the sun.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Human Sunshine.

With bright merry face
And laughing eyes,
Always good tempered
And not too wise,
Carrying in thy heart all day
A ray of sunshine to brighten the way.

Hands always busy
Till work is done,
Feet always willing
A message to run,
Never giving thyself a thought.
Till everyone else's comfort is sought.

Go on thou, bravely,
Sister of mine;
Follow the pathway
Love will design;
Always "be happy, blithe and free,"
So Peace and Contentment shall dwell with thee.

E. G. C.

Inward Beauty.

Once I knew a little girl,
Very plain;
You might try her hair to curl,
All in vain.
On her cheek no tint of rose
Paled and blushed, or sought repose,—
She was plain.

But the thoughts that through her brain
Came and went,
As a recompense for pain,
Heaven sent;
So full many a beauteous thing
In her young soul blossoming,
Gave content.

Every thought was full of grace,
Pure and true;
And in time the holy face
Lovelier grew,
With a heavenly radiance bright,
From the soul's reflected light,
Shining through.

So I tell you, little child,
Plain or poor,
If your thoughts are undefiled,
You are sure
Of the loveliness of worth;
And this beauty, not of earth,
Will endure.

ANON.